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to do so. Her relations and friends—or rather fiends, for they had brought her to this by their cruelty—made way for me to approach her. I did so; and kneeling down, I kissed her cold hand, as I fervently offered up a prayer to Heaven to receive her soul.

"In an instant a languid smile played upon her languid features, and, pointing to my piano, which stood open in the room, expressed by signs (for her voice was completely gone) a desire that I should touch it.

"I flew to it, and with feelings of grief beyond description, I played over the melancholy air we had agreed upon as the record of our feelings. My heart seemed to respond to every note, and I could almost fancy I heard her voice in every tone. Suddenly a chord rudely and loudly gave way—at that instant Agatha's poor soul took its eternal flight.

"Can you now wonder that I desired to possess an instrument whose every note seems to breathe her voice—our mutual friend—our only confidant? I heard that the property of Agatha was to be sold, in order to be divided between her relations. This it was which prevented my hitherto leaving Paris. I have waited now six months for the moment when I could purchase the only object on earth dear to me. Imagine, then, sir, how grateful I must feel to you who have enabled me to obtain the only treasure I desired to possess in this world."

After a few common attempts on my part to console him, the artist arose, and assuring me I should see him again before he left Paris, took up his hat and quitted me.

The next morning I was sitting before my fire in the act of reading several letters I had received from England, when my new friend and protegee rushed in.

"Ah, sir, 'tis to you I owe all. I knew that my Agatha wished me to possess that piano. See, see this," and he handed me a paper. It ran as follows:

"Surrounded in my last moments by persons who have never hitherto shown me any esteem or affection, well aware of their sordid views, I only dare confide my last will and testament to this my long-cherished piano.

"I hereby give and bequeath to Henri Aubriot, professor of music, in return for the sincere love he has ever evinced for me, every thing which I now, or which I may ever have been entitled to possess.

"I pardon my guardian for having attempted to force me into a marriage repugnant with my feelings, because I believe he sincerely thought it would be for my advantage.

"Lastly, I beseech the person into whose hands this document may fall, to publish and make this my last will.

"Made and dated two days after becoming 21 years of age
AGATHA D'OLBREUSE.

"12th Dec., 1840."

The artist whose story I have here narrated, and whose history I have given under the name of *Aubriot*, is now the celebrated —

But no, it is not fair to give his *real* appellation.

LIVES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

THE VENETIAN PAINTERS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

TINTORETTO—PAUL VERONESE—JACOPO BASSANO.

Titian was the last great name of the earlier schools of Italy—the last really *great* painter which she produced. After him came many who were good artists, excellent artificers; but, compared with the heaven-endowed creators in art, the poet-painters who had gone before them, they

were mere mechanics, the best of them. No more Raphaels, no more Titians, no more Michael Angelos, before whom princes stood uncovered! but very good painters, bearing the same relation to their wondrous predecessors that the poets, wits, and playwrights, of Queen Anne's time, bore to Shakspeare. There was, however, an intervening period between the death of Titian and the foundation of the Caracci school, a sort of interregnum, during which the art of painting sank to the lowest depths of labored inanity and inflated mannerism. In the middle of the sixteenth century Italy swarmed with painters. These go under the general name of the *mannerists*, because they all imitated the *manner* of some one of the great masters who had gone before them. There were imitators of Michael Angelo, of Raphael, of Correggio:—Vasari and Bronzino, at Florence; the two brothers Taddeo and Federigo Zuccaro, and the Cavalier d'Arpino, at Rome; Federigo Barroccio, of Urbino; Luca Cambiasi, of Genoa; and hundreds of others, who covered with frescoes the walls of villas, palaces, churches, and produced some fine and valuable pictures, and many pleasing and graceful ones, and many more that were mere vapid or exaggerated repetitions of worn-out subjects. And patrons were not wanting, nor industry, nor science; nothing but original and elevated feeling—"the inspiration and the poet's dream."

But in the Venetian school still survived this inspiration, this vital and creative power, when it seemed extinct everywhere besides. From 1540 to 1590 the Venetians were the only *painters* worthy the name in Italy. This arose from the elementary principle early infused into the Venetian artists—the principle of looking to Nature, and imitating her, instead of imitating others and one another. Thus, as every man who looks to Nature, looks at her through his own eyes, a certain degree of individuality was retained even in the decline of the art. There were some who tried to look at Nature in the same point of view as Titian, and these are generally included under the general denomination of the School of Titian, though, in fact, he had no *school*, properly so called.

Morone was a portrait painter who, in some of his heads, equalled Titian. We have in England only one known picture by him, but it is a masterpiece—the portrait of a Jesuit, in the gallery of the Duke of Sutherland, which for a long time went by the name of Titian's Schoolmaster. It represents a grave, acute-looking man, holding a book in his hand, which he has just closed; his finger is between the leaves, and leaning from his chair, he seems about to address you.

"The very life is warm upon that lip;
The fixture of the eye has motion in't,
And we are mocked by art!"

Bonifazio, who had studied under Palma and Titian, painted many pictures which are frequently attributed to both these masters. Superior to Bonifazio was Alessandro Bonvicino, by whom there are several exquisite pictures in the Milan Gallery.

Andrea Schiavone, whose elegant pictures are often met with in collections, was a poor boy, who began the world as an assistant mason and house-painter, and who became an artist from the love of art; but by some fatality, or some quality of mind which we are wont to call a *fatality*, he remained always poor. He painted numerous pic-

tures, which others obtained, and sold again for high prices, enriching themselves at the expense of his toil of hand and head. At length he died, and in such wretched circumstances that he was buried by the charity of a few friends. In general the Venetian painters were joyous beings; Schiavone was a rare and melancholy exception. Very different was the temper and the fate of Paris Bordone, of Treviso, a man without much genius, weak in drawing, capricious or commonplace in invention, without fire or expression, but a divine colorist, and stamping on his pictures his own buoyant, life-enjoying nature; in this he was like Titian, but utterly inferior in all other respects. Some of his portraits are very beautiful, particularly those of his women, which have been often mistaken for Titian's.

The elder Palma is also considered as a scholar of Titian, though deriving as little from his personal instruction as did Tintoretto, Bordone, and others of the school. The date of his birth has been rendered uncertain by the mistakes of various authors, who confounded the elder and the younger Palma; but it appears that he was born between 1500 and 1515. He resembled in his manner both Titian and Giorgione. In some pictures he has shown the dignity of Titian, in others a touch of the melancholy sentiment of Giorgione. But not half the pictures attributed to Palma Vecchio are by him. We have not one in our National Gallery; and those at Hampton Court which are attributed to him are not genuine—mere third-rate pictures of the Venetian school. This painter had three daughters of remarkable beauty. Violante, the eldest and most beautiful, is said to have been loved by Titian, and to be the original of some of his most exquisite female portraits. One called Flora, because she has flowers in her hand; and another in the Pitti Palace, in a rich dress. We have the three daughters of Palma, painted by himself, in the Vienna Gallery; one, a most lovely creature, with long light brown hair, and a violet in her bosom, is without doubt Titian's Violante. In the Dresden Gallery are the same three beautiful girls in one picture, the head in the centre being the Violante.

It remains to give some account of two really great men, who were contemporaries of Titian, but could hardly be called his rivals, his equals, or his imitators. They were both inferior to him, but original men in their different styles.

The first was Tintoretto, born in 1512; his real name was Jacopo Robusto. His father was a dyer (in Italian, *Tintore*); hence he received in childhood the diminutive nickname *Il Tintoretto*, by which he is best known to us. He began, like many other painters whose genius we have recorded, by drawing all kinds of objects and figures on the walls of his father's house. The dyer, being a man of sense, did not attempt to oppose his son's predilection for art, but procured for him the best instruction his means would allow, and even sent him to study under Titian. This did not avail him much, for that most excellent painter was by no means a good instructor, and it is said that he became jealous of the progress of Tintoretto, or perhaps required more docility. Whatever might be the cause, he expelled him from his academy, saying, somewhat rashly, that "he would never be anything but a dauber." Tintoretto did not lose courage; he pursued his studies, and after a few years set up an academy of his own, and on the wall of his painting-room

he placed the following inscription, as being expressive of the principles he intended to follow: "*Il disegno di Michael Agnolo, il colorito di Tiziano*" (the drawing of Michael Angelo, and the coloring of Titian). Tintoretto was a man of extraordinary talent, unequalled for the quickness of his invention and the facility and rapidity of his execution. It frequently happened that he would not give himself the trouble to make any design or sketch for his picture, but composed as he went along, throwing his figures on the canvas and painting them in at once, with wonderful power and truth, considering the little time and pains they cost him. But this want of study was fatal to his real greatness. He is the most unequal of painters. In his compositions we find often the grossest faults in close proximity with the highest beauty. Now he would paint a picture almost equal to Titian; then produce one so coarse and careless that it seemed to justify Titian's expression of a "dauber." He abused his mechanical power by the utmost recklessness of pencil; but then, again, his wonderful talent redeemed him, and he would enchant his fellow-citizens by the grandeur, the dramatic vivacity, the gorgeous colors, and the luxuriant invention, displayed in some of his vast compositions. The larger the space he had to fill, the more he seemed at home; his small pictures are seldom good. His portraits in general are magnificent; less refined and dignified than those of Titian, less intellectual, but quite as full of life.

Tintoretto painted an amazing number of pictures, and of an amazing size—one of them is seventy-four feet in length and thirty feet in height. One edifice of his native city, the school of St. Roch, contains fifty-seven large compositions, each containing many pictures the size of life. The two most famous of his pictures are, a Crucifixion, in which the Passion of our Saviour is represented like a vast theatrical scene, crowded with groups of figures on foot, on horseback, exhibiting the greatest variety of movement and expression; and a large picture, called the Miracle of St. Mark, in the Academy of Venice, of which Mr. Rogers possesses the first sketch; a certain slave having become a Christian, and having persevered in paying his devotions at the shrine of St. Mark, is condemned to the torture by his heathen lord; but just as he is bound and prostrate, St. Mark descends from above to aid his votary; the executioner is seen raising the broken instruments of torture, and a crowd of people look on in various attitudes of wonder, pity, interest. The whole picture glows with color and movement.

In our National Gallery we have only one small, unimportant work by Tintoretto, but there are ten or eleven in the Royal Galleries. He was a favorite painter of Charles I., who purchased many of his works from Venice. Two pictures, once really fine, which belonged to this king, are now at Hampton Court—Esther fainting before Ahasuerus, and the Nine Muses. They have suffered terribly from audacious restorers; but in this last picture the figure of the Muse on the right, turning her back, is in a grand style, not unworthy, in its large, bold, yet graceful drawing, of the hand of Michael Angelo himself. In the same collection are three very fine portraits.

Tintoretto died in 1588. His daughter, Marietta Robusti, whose talent for painting was sedulously cultivated by her father, has left some excellent portraits; and in her own time obtained

such celebrity that the Kings of France and Spain invited her to their courts with the most tempting offers of patronage, but she would never leave her father and her native Venice. She died at the age of thirty.

Paul Cagliari of Verona, better known as Paul Veronese, was born in that city in 1580, the son of a sculptor, who taught him early to draw and to model; but the genius of the pupil was so diametrically opposed to this style of art, that he soon quitted the studio of his father for that of his uncle Antonio Badile, a very good painter, from whom he learned that florid grace in composition which he afterwards carried out in a manner so consummate and so characteristic. At that time Verona, like all the other cities of Italy, could boast of a crowd of painters; and Paul Cagliari, finding that he could not stand against so many competitors, repaired to Venice, where he remained for some time, studying the works of Titian and Tintoretto, but without attracting much attention himself, till he had painted, in the church of St. Sebastian, the history of Esther. This was a subject well calculated to call forth his particular talent in depicting the gay; the sumptuous accessories of courtly pomp, banquet scenes, processions, &c.; and from this time he was continually employed by the splendor-loving citizens of Venice, who delighted in his luxuriant magnificence, and overlooked, or perhaps did not perceive, his thousand sins against fact, probability, costume, time, and place. We are obliged to do the same thing in these days, if we would duly appreciate the works of this astonishing painter. We must shut our eyes to the violation of all proprieties of chronology and costume, and see only the abounding life, the wondrous variety of dignified and expressive figures crowded into his scenes—we may a little marvel how they got there—and the prodigality of light and colors, all harmonized by a mellowness of tone which renders them most attractive to the eye. To give an idea of Paul Veronese's manner of treating a subject, we will take one of his finest and most characteristic pictures, the Marriage of Cana, which was painted for the Refectory of the Convent of San Giorgio at Venice, and is now in the Louvre. It is not less than thirty feet long and twenty feet high, and contains about one hundred and thirty figures, life-size. The Marriage Feast of the Galilean citizen is represented with a pomp worthy of "Ormuz or of Ind:" a sumptuous hall of the richest architecture; lofty columns, long lines of marble balustrades rising against the sky; a crowd of guests splendidly attired, some wearing orders of knighthood, are seated at tables covered with gorgeous vases of gold and silver, attended by slaves, jesters, pages, and musicians. In the midst of all this dazzling pomp, this display of festive enjoyment, these moving figures, these lavish colors in glowing approximation, we begin after a while to distinguish the principal personages—our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, the Twelve Apostles, mingled with Venetian senators, and ladies clothed in the rich costume of the sixteenth century—monks, friars, poets, artists, all portraits of personages existing in his own time; while in a group of musicians he has introduced himself and Tintoretto playing the violoncello, while Titian plays the bass. The bride in this picture is said to be the portrait of Eleanor of Austria, the sister of Charles V., and second wife of Francis I., of whom there is a most beautiful portrait at Hampton Court. There is a series of those Scriptural banquet scenes, painted by Paul Veronese,

all in the same extraordinary style, but varied with the utmost richness of fancy, invention, and coloring. Christ entertained by Levi, now in the academy of Venice; the Supper in the house of Simon the Pharisee, with Mary Magdalen at the foot of our Saviour, now in the Durazzo Palace at Genoa, of which the first sketch, a magnificent piece of color, is in the possession of Mr. Rogers; and the Supper at Emmaus, in which he has introduced his wife and others of his family as spectators.

Paul Veronese died in 1588. He was a man of amiable manners, of a liberal, generous spirit, and extremely pious. When he painted for churches and convents, he frequently accepted very small prices, sometimes merely the value of his canvas and colors. For that stupendous picture in the Louvre, the Marriage of Cana, he received not more than forty pounds of our money.

He painted all subjects, even the most solemn, in the same gorgeous style. He had sons and relations who were educated in his atelier and assisted in painting his great pictures, and who after his death continued to carry on a sort of manufactory of pictures in the same magnificent ornamental style; but they were far inferior painters, and had not, like him, the power of redeeming gross faults of judgment and taste by a vivid imagination and strong feeling of character.

Almost all galleries and collections contain specimens of the works of this splendid and popular painter; but the finest are in the churches at Venice, in the Louvre, and in the Dresden Gallery, where there are fifteen of his pictures.

In our National Gallery there is a fine picture of the Consecration of St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, in 1391. The principal personages are very nobly conceived, and the foreshortened figure of the angel descending above the kneeling saint, and holding the mitre and crozier, explains the subject in a manner at once very poetical and very intelligible. The little sketch of Europa is a study for the splendid picture now at Vienna.

Before we close the list of the elder painters of Italy, we must mention as flourishing at this time the Da Ponte family of Bassano. Giacomo da Ponte, called Old Bassano, was the head of it. His father had been a painter before him, and he, with his four sons, Leandro, Francesco, Gian Battista, and Girolamo, set up in their native town of Bassano a kind of manufactory of pictures, which were sold in the fairs and markets of the neighboring cities, and became popular all over the north of Italy. The Bassani were among the earliest painters of the *genre* style; they treated sacred and solemn subjects in a homely, familiar manner, which was pleasing and intelligible to the people, and at the same time, with a power of imitation, a light and spirited execution, and in particular a gem-like radiance of color which fascinates even judges of art. There are pictures of the elder Bassano which at the first glance remind one of a handful of rubies and emeralds. His best and largest works are at Bassano; his small pictures are numerous, and scattered through most galleries. He painted sheep, cattle, and poultry well, and was fond of introducing them in the pastoral scenes of the Old Testament, where they are appropriate. Sometimes, unhappily, where they are least appropriate they are the principal objects. His scenery and grouping have a rural character; and his personages, even sacred and heroic, look like peasants. They are not vulgar, but rustic. The same kind of spirit

informed the Bassani that afterwards informed the Dutch school—the imitation of familiar objects without elevation and without selection; but the nature of Italy was as different from that of Holland as Bassano is different from Jan Steen. Like all the Venetians, the Bassani were good portrait painters. We have a fine portrait by Jacopo Bassano in our National Gallery, and at Hampton Court several very fine and characteristic pictures, which will give an excellent idea of his general manner. The best are Jacob's Journey and the Deluge. Mr. Rogers possesses the two best pictures of this artist now in England; they are small, but most beautiful, vivid as gems in point of color, with more dignity and feeling than is usual. The subjects are: the Good Samaritan, and Lazarus at the door of the Rich Man. Nothing could tempt Bassano from the little native town where he flourished, grew rich, and brought up a numerous family. He died in 1592.

All these men had original genius and that individuality of character which lends a vital interest to all productions of art, whether the style be elevated and ideal, or confined to the imitation of common nature; but to them succeeded a race of *mannerists* and imitators, so that about the close of the sixteenth century all originality seemed extinguished at Venice, as well as everywhere else. And here we close the history of the earlier painters of Italy.

THE END.

[From the Atlantic Monthly.]

CHESTER HARDING.

I wish to outline for American readers the history of an American artist who died last year, full of days and honors. It is a history which records how circumstances became as clay in the grasp of genius and resolution, and great results were developed from the most untoward beginnings.

Never, perhaps, were beginnings more untoward than the early years of Chester Harding. He was born in 1792, in Conway, a little town high up among the hills of Franklin County, Massachusetts. Identified during his boyhood with the fortunes of a family struggling hard for bare subsistence, with an unpractical and thrifless father, and a noble, but overworked and care-worn mother, as soon as he was able to be of use he set to work to earn his own living, as "hired boy," at six dollars a month, with a farmer of the neighborhood. This, however, was a taste of riches and independence compared with the life before and after. When Harding was fourteen, his father removed with all his family to Western New York. This was an undertaking of no small magnitude. Their new home was an unbroken wilderness—a week's toilsome journey from New England—where, after clearing the ground and building a rude log-cabin, Harding and his two elder brothers made flag-bottomed chairs for their neighbors, procuring by this means pork, flour, and potatoes, which were the dainties of the backwoods, while his father and the other children labored in the forest. The usual course of a settler's life was broken in upon by the war of 1812, and Harding shared fully in the excitement this occasioned. He entered the army as a drummer, and had a thorough experience of the pleasures and pains of military life. Sickness reduced him almost to the grave, and when, on recovering, he obtained his discharge from the ranks, he nearly perished with cold and hunger in attempting to reach his home. Here he remained for the next six months, employed in drum-making with his brother.

The energy which had not yet acquired a specific direction was beginning to manifest itself in restlessness under the routine of his daily life, and

readiness to embark in any enterprise that promised deliverance from it. A proposal to undertake the agency for a new spinning-head was eagerly accepted, and having "contrived to get a horse and wagon, with five or six dollars in money, besides a quantity of essences, such as peppermint, tansy, wintergreen, &c.," Harding set off for Connecticut, with golden dreams of fortune. If he did not realize these, he gained in his expedition some money and more experience, and thought it on the whole a profitable journey.

At this point love came in to complicate the situation. The account which Harding has left of his courtship is too graphic not to be given in his own words. "I happened," he says, "to meet with Caroline Woodruff, a lovely girl of twenty, with handsome, dark eyes, fine brunette complexion, and of an amiable disposition. I fell in love with her at first sight. I can remember the dress she wore at our first meeting as well as I do those beautiful eyes. It was a dark crimson-woollen dress, with a neat little frill about the neck. I saw but little of her; for the family soon moved to a distance of forty or fifty miles. Though she was absent, however, her image was implanted too deeply in my heart to be forgotten. It haunted me day and night. At length I took the resolution to go to see her; which was at once carried out. I set out on foot, found her, and proposed, and was bid to wait awhile for my answer. I went again, in the same way, and this time had the happiness to be accepted; and three weeks after she became my wife, and accompanied me to my home."

A little anecdote in regard to his marriage is characteristic. February 15, 1815, had been appointed for the wedding-day. On the afternoon previous the bride was making her last preparations; the guests were invited, the wedding-gloves and sash sent for, and the wedding-cake in the oven, when Harding drove up to the door and announced that he wanted to be married that day, as the snow was melting too fast for their journey home to be delayed twenty-four hours longer. So they were married the day beforehand. Mrs. Harding was accustomed to say, "It has been the day beforehand ever since."

Scarcely had the happy pair reached Caledonia, N. Y., where Harding was then living, when he was sued for debt. Much embarrassed in his business, which was then chair-making, he concluded to try tavern-keeping, but with no improvement in his fortunes. Matters at length became desperate. Imprisonment for debt seemed inevitable, and the thought of it was so horrible to him, that as a last resort he determined to leave his family, and look for employment in some safer locality. He quitted home in the night, traveled on foot to the Alleghany River, and as soon as practicable worked his way on a raft down to Pittsburg. There the prospect was not very encouraging, but Harding at length got a few jobs of house-painting, and with his small savings returned to Caledonia for his wife and child, with whom he again made the wearisome journey, but with better heart than before—perhaps with some presentiment of brighter days at hand.

Their home at Pittsburg was humble enough. "All our availables," Harding says, "consisted of one bed and a chest of clothing and some cooking utensils; so that we had little labor in getting settled down." For his household goods he had previously rented a "ten-footer" with two rooms in it. But now all his money was gone; he could get no more work as a house-painter. Had he brought his family so far only to starve, instead of feeding them? So deep was their poverty at this time, that a half-loaf of bread lent by a kind neighbor, and a piece of beef-steak obtained on credit, made them a luxurious meal, which was remembered with thankfulness in after years of plenty.

There was an opening for a sign-painter in Pittsburg, and Harding eagerly accepted this means of supplying his pressing wants. But he had no funds to procure the materials he needed, and was forced to resort for money to the kind

neighbor from whom he had borrowed bread. He was successful in this new business, and followed it a year. About this time a portrait-painter, "of the primitive sort," happened to show to Harding some specimens of his works, which opened to the struggling sign-painter a new world of thought and desire. Though he could ill afford the expense, he had his own and his wife's pictures painted, and was lost in admiration of the artist's skill. Day and night the thought of this wonderful art possessed him. An unconquerable longing to try his own powers in this new direction made him haunt the studio of the artist, who would give him no hint of his method, nor even allow Harding to see him work. At length, with a board, and such colors as he used in his trade, Harding began a portrait of his wife, and, to his own astonishment, "made a thing that looked like her." He was frantic with joy at the result. He painted several other portraits, and the occupation became so engrossing as to interfere seriously with his regular business. Nelson, the portrait-painter, whose pictures had given the first impulse to this newly-discovered faculty, was still disposed to be unfriendly. He ridiculed Harding's efforts, and told him it was sheer nonsense to attempt portrait-painting at his time of life. To the dejection which his criticisms occasioned was, however, opposed the admiration of others who probably had more sincerity, if less knowledge of art; and Harding's love of painting was now too strong to admit of his being easily discouraged. Hearing from his brother, who had removed to Paris, Kentucky, that an artist in Lexington was receiving fifty dollars a head for portraits, he resolved, with his accustomed suddenness, to establish himself in Paris, and arrived there with funds, as usual, low, but with a good stock of hope and courage, and a conviction that he had at last found his true vocation. In six months from that time, he had painted nearly a hundred portraits at twenty-five dollars apiece. "The first twenty-five I took," he writes, years afterward, "rather disturbed the equanimity of my conscience. It did not seem to me that the portrait was intrinsically worth that money; now I know it was not."

A two months' visit to Philadelphia produced wholesome criticism of his own attainments, and a still more eager ambition to excel. His own pictures lost something of their attraction for him, and he appreciated better the merits of those which he had previously undervalued. These two months of thoughtful study did more for him than years have done for many. The quick insight of genius penetrated at once the secrets which to mere talent unfold themselves but slowly. There was no longer any doubt about Harding's ultimate success, though he was yet far from reaching it. Other long and weary struggles with poverty had to be endured before he could work at leisure and without anxiety.

St. Louis offered a more favorable location for a rising artist than Kentucky, then embarrassed by financial troubles, and thither Harding went. There Fortune, at last, began to give him golden gifts, and with them came new aspirations. The artist-longing for Europe awakened in him, and he resolved to gratify it. But first he had a duty to perform. He went back to Caledonia, the scene of so many of his struggles and failures, paid all his debts, and visited his aged parents. Although proud of his success, his practical friends were far from satisfied with the profession he had chosen. His grandfather said to him one day, very seriously, "Chester, I want to speak to you about your present mode of life. I think it is very little better than swindling, to charge forty dollars for one of those effigies. Now I want you to give up this course of living, and settle down on a farm, and become a respectable man."

Harding, however, held firmly to his project of studying in Europe. He had taken passage in the ill-fated *Albion*; his trunk was packed, and he was about to set out, when his mother made a last effort to detain him. She represented to him the helpless condition of his wife and children in case he should never return, and urged